

Humorous Song

JOSHUA

by

G. W. Chadwick

Medium Voice, in G

50

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JOSHUA



(Original Key)

R. D. WARE

G. W. CHADWICK

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. ^{*}Josh - u -
2. But the

PIANO

f

a was the son of Nun And he led the He-brew band Out
Ca-naan-ites would not come out, And they would not let him in, Which

p

from the hor-rid wil - der-ness In - to the Prom-ised Land. But —
riled old Josh, the game old scout, And he got mad as sin, So —

cresc.

f sf

*) pronounced: Josh-u-ay

when he came to Jer - i - cho The Ca - naan - ites sat
he got out an old ram's horn He'd play'd on when a

tight. kid; "It looks to me," says Josh, "By
"It's kind - er mean," says Josh, "By

Verse 1 Verse 2
Gosh! As if there'd be a fight?
Gosh! But some-thing must be did?

CHORUS

So it's blow, blow, blow, Blow on your old ram's

horn. Blow, blow, blow Though you blow from night till

morn, For mu - sic sav-age breast will soothe And make a sol-dier's

path - way smooth If you blow, blow, blow, At your Jer - i -

cho In the same old way, As did Josh - u - a When he

blew on his old ram's horn. _____

3. He _____
4. The _____

sat him down be - fore the gate, And blew on that old horn; He
Ca - naan-ites they thought so too And hoist - ed the white flag. There

blew and blew from morn till night And then from night till morn. He
w'an't no oth - er way they knew To stop that old wind - bag. 'If

blew the mor-tar off the stones That made the might-y wall:
you will stop we'll let you in, And prom-ise to be good? "I
"That's

thought I could," says Josh, "By Gosh! I guess they're goin' to fall."
right, my boys," says Josh, "By Gosh! I kind-er thought ye would?"
sf *p*

CHORUS

ff
So it's blow, blow, blow, Blow on your old ram's

horn. Blow, blow, blow, Though you blow from night till

morn, For mu - sic sav - age breasts will soothe And make a sol - dier's

mf

path - way smooth If you blow, blow, blow At your Jer - i -

ff *sf*

cho In the same old way As did Josh - u - a When he

mf *cresc.*

3d Verse		Last Verse	
blew on his old ram's horn.			

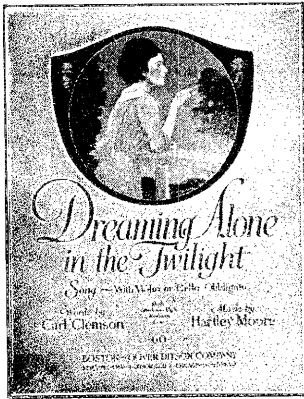
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REFRAIN

Slowly and dreamily

mf I'm dream - ing a - lone in the twi - - light,

mf *molto espress.*

Dream - ing, my dear, of you; The long emp - ty years Brought

sor - row and tears, But tho' I am lone - ly I love you on - ly!

cresc.

Come to me now in my dream - ing, Bid ev - 'ry grief. Ade.

cresc.

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LOW, IN F

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